

Historic, Archive Document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

A quarter of a million little black Walnut trees—one year old—

12 to 24 inches high—grown for you to plant—to make you happy and the world richer.



One of the largest plantings of walnut trees by a single individual in the United States. Stand at one corner of this forest and look diagonally across it and you will wonder where enough ground can be found to plant these trees. You must help me scatter them on ten thousand farms and city lots.

Schools, Boy Scouts, women's and men's organizations, enterprising individuals everywhere—please, please, please help in one of the most far-reaching projects ever started. You will never know the boundless wealth and happiness that will come to us for planting back in the earth millions of walnut trees that have been so wantonly destroyed in the past two generations.

In October, 1934, I planted a quarter of a million black walnuts. This is how they looked August 1, 1935. They are clean as ribbons and still growing. But what about them 25 years from now? How many million birds will light upon their branches? How many thousand cattle will rest in their shade? How many lovers will see their beauty together? And how much inspiration and wealth to the world will these beautiful little trees mean when planted in ten thousand different places? There should be a thousand tree lovers who will sponsor the planting of one hundred trees each. Don't let someone else do your part.

You must help me. I can't do it all by myself. In the fall and winter of 1935 and the spring of 1936 is the time to plant them. They transplant better at one year old. Walnut trees are almost extinct. The tree planting idea is sweeping the country. The Otwell Tree Planting Club of America has grown by leaps and bounds. Members in every state. Its objects are all good.

Walnut trees are beautiful and thrive almost everywhere. They will grow two feet per year for 30 years. Right where you are is the place to start. This country must not become a Sahara Desert. We won't permit it.

Ten trees will be sent you, parcel post prepaid, for \$1.00. More than half of it is for packing and postage. One hundred trees by express, you pay express, for \$5.00. Five hundred trees by express, you pay the express, \$20.00. Lots of banks and business men order 500 trees and distribute them among the boys and girls. No fewer than ten trees sent to any address for this price. Full instructions with every shipment. During the past year I planted 2500 little walnut trees in a permanent forest, 500 Russian Mulberries for the birds, besides a quarter of a million little walnut trees for you to plant. You won't disappoint me, will you?

George Buchanan says, "The lowest possible state to which I could sink would be one in which, before I died, I could say, 'I do not care whether the world is better for my having lived.'"

Your memory will not fade from the hearts of men and women so long as the trees you plant shall continue to grow and give shade and moisture and beauty and wealth to our beautiful land.

Please come and go with me in this great work to which my heart is set.

I spent a thousand dollars, getting this project started. All I want for myself is enough to pay for digging and packing the trees. The trees themselves are my contribution toward this great enterprise. I know there are a million men and women who feel about it as I do. They are the ones I am appealing to.

Please consider yourself a vital part of this great project and plant at least 10 little walnut trees to make yourself happy and make the world richer.

WILL B. OTWELL,
Carlinville, Illinois.

P. S. Be sure to join our Tree Planting Club.

How Some of the Members of the Otwell Tree Planting Club of America Feel About It—To Become a Member You Agree To Plant A Tree During the Year.

Tomorrow I will plant a tree—telling of my interest in future generations. Your thought and work are good. East St. Louis.

You have initiated a thought that will be put into concrete action throughout the country. C. J. Doyle, Illinois.

Great work. I am with you. I will plant ten trees instead of one.

Co. Supt. of Schools, Illinois.

This Tree Planting Club may be a dream to start on but it will be a reality of a million before it is done. Indiana.

I have planted trees from acorns and walnuts four years ago. I am happy to be an early member of The Otwell Tree Planting Club of America. It will grow because its roots are in the soil. Iowa.

No expense. No salaried officers. Nothing to pay. The planting of a single tree is a fine thing in itself. Massachusetts.

Very interesting. Radio Station WLS

Told my Sunday School class about planting walnuts or trees. They will all join. Teacher.

Planting trees elevates every person who picks up a spade. Wisconsin.

Our neighbor cut down an elm twelve feet in circumference, to raise a few more hills of potatoes. The neighbors wanted to hang him. New Jersey.

I will plant a walnut on my next trip to the farm, to preserve and keep fresh our pleasant friendship. Ex-Senator C. S. Deneen, Chicago.

Count me in on everything that pertains to planting trees. Minnesota.

California sends blessings for such an organization. We will come to your rescue one thousand strong. California.

Will get our Flower Club interested in your Tree Planting Club. New Hampshire sends greetings. N. H.

The whole walnut panorama is beautiful. I am happy to be a part of it. New York.

The Tree Planting Plan is wrapped around with sense and sentiment. Connecticut.

You must have a happy feeling within you for having done so much to bring happiness to others. Most of us miss that in our selfish efforts on our own behalf, too often forgetting that the best that can come to us comes as a result of giving out to others. Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Frank S. Betz, of Hammond, Indiana, is perhaps the most widely advertised tree man in the world. He drove three hundred miles to see my walnut trees and pronounced it as fine a field as he had ever seen.

How can I ever repay, except with my humblest gratitude, the publicity that has been given this project by the press of the country!

Will B. Otwell.

AND FINALLY

Your blessing and your good will are devoutly solicited. A single tree is a blessing and when this club shall have planted a million trees, you will be happy that you are a member. Secure the interest of your local newspaper. Call your friends' attention to this printed letter. Fall in love with trees—God's richest blessing to mankind, and every tree that grows will help to make you happy.

These letters will be furnished free to pupils, teachers, ministers, clubs of all kinds. Address

Will B. Otwell (Founder),
Carlinville, Illinois.

OTWELL IRIS FIELDS ♦ CARLINVILLE, ILLINOIS

« « WHERE IRIS BEAUTY ALMOST REACHES THE SKY » »



This photograph was taken for you. The fields were planted for your happiness. Fifty thousand flower lovers came to see them in May. Sixteen states in one day. Four thousand automobiles came on the big day. Hardly a town within one hundred miles that didn't send representatives. If you were there, this will remind you. If you were not there, it will help you to visualize twenty-five acres of solid rainbow beauty in 200 different combinations of color. Millions of them. Beautiful beyond my poor words to describe.

Alton, Illinois, and St. Louis, Missouri, send the most people. Springfield, Jacksonville, Decatur, Peoria and Bloomington are not far behind. I believe the loveliest people in the world, and the most sensible drivers I ever saw, come here. They seem to know that God's great, beautiful, floral paradise was not laid out or conducted for careless driving. They all enter heartily into the friendly spirit of the occasion and make us happy.

Ten thousand letters come to me each year from people I have never seen. This one came yesterday—"My dear distant Friend: I am a poor old broken woman—hearing gone—vision nearly gone—buried my last and only soldier boy yesterday and today I am planting white Irises upon his grave.—He loved them so." The gas of France would not let her boy live and the divine love in her heart would not let him die.

This mother in New York may be "old and broken" but I think she is beautiful. How I love to get their letters. How I love to have them come to see us in Iris time. How I would love to sit beside this sweet mother and talk to her about her fine boy and about his fine mother. Sometimes when I am reading these letters I wonder if my best friends are not those whom I have never seen. In Iris time there are veritable thousands whom I meet for the first time and the fragrance of their memory will never leave me.

I never expect or want to be rich in money but I am a thousand times a millionaire in many things that all the money in the world could not buy. You help me to see the Divineness in my own work. You come and smile upon my acres of loveliness and they, in turn, grow more beautiful because of you. Can I ever make you understand how your coming and your letters and your friendship give me courage to work and love to work?

I love the memory of Edward Bok because he went forth to make the world an atom better and more beautiful than he found it. That is what you are doing every time you plant a seed, shrub, or tree. Don't stop—plant things. Love the finer things in life and it will add beauty to your soul and to your world.

I am going into my Iris Fields and select twelve different varieties—red, and white, and blue, and

pink, and lavender—twelve of what I call my finest. Then with my compliments I will add one fifty cent Shiwassee—large and red and tall and new,—the finest thing I have ever grown. You are not apt to find it elsewhere for I bought the entire stock of the originator, Dr. Birchfield of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and paid him \$50.00 for ten plants.

This little extra choice box I call my Memory Box and will send it to you, postpaid, for a dollar bill. Plant these beauties in a choice place to remind you of this beautiful Iris picture and in a short time you will have a start of the twelve finest things I grow.

Sometimes there are 500 flower lovers in the paths and walks with note books and kodaks and open hearts, putting the touch of loveliness upon the acres and storing happiness in their own souls. That's why they were planted for you.

Don't destroy this little picture. Keep it and study it, and ask for a few for your friends and perhaps they, too, will see something in the beauty of the lilies that transcends many of the sordid things that creep into our lives.

And when you come, please drive a little slower.

WILL B. OTWELL,
Carlinville, Illinois.

P. S. If the Memory Box does not make you happy, give it to some one who hasn't any Irises and I will give you back your dollar bill.